The Stars and Stripes

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YOUTH

The French for A.E.F. has always been "la jeune armée Américaine." It has so been translated in solemn official documents; more important, it has so been translated in the hearts of the French Army and of the French people. And the "jeune" is more than a qualifying adjective; it is a tribute to whatever of zest, whatever of enthusiasm, whatever of élan the fighting American has shown.

It is the American Army's greatest asset—its youth. It was its greatest asset in the tumultuous months before the armistice, and it will continue to be its greatest asset when, no longer an Army, but a body of citizenry whose own future is America's future, it takes up once more the workaday tasks which it left to shoulder rifles, rustle supplies or juggle pick and shovel.

Those tasks will not seem so workaday as they did in the middle ages before 1917. And the doers of those tasks will look beyond today and envisage tomorrow. Youth can do that.

IT DEPENDS

It all depends on the point of view.

Cpl. Fred Sedberry, Company M, 13th Regiment, U.S.M.C., writes:

With all due respect for you and your estimable paper, I wish to say a few words in behalf of the Marines in regard to the editorial of December 20 entitled "Marine and Doughboy." We Marines can't understand why it is the Army is so anxious to take away from us the praise we won at Chateau-Thierry. But if you are determined to take it away, why not do it in a fair and above-board way? The editorial you published is a disgrace to the entire A.E.F. . . . I am not a member of the regiments who were in that fight, but I am a Marine, and every Marine all over the world, from China to the Philippines and the Virgin Islands, took pride in the reports printed in papers all over the civilized world lauding the Marines. . . . My greatest ambition now is to be a ranking officer of Marines for a short while so I could take the matter up to G.H.Q. and see if the paper that is claimed to be for the entire A.E.F. has the right to publish an editorial like that.

Sgt. John A. White, 5th Regiment, U.S.M.C., writes:

In regard to your article, "Marine and Doughboy," please allow me to state a few of my experiences that perhaps might have some bearing on the long-talked-of subject. . . . I don't know of a Marine who will not agree to the fact that the 5th and 23rd are every bit entitled to the glory which the Marine units have attained in this great war. . . . However, in spite of these articles, these arguments will still be contested for years to come. We are all American boys, and right today I would hate to ever have to enter any lines without our sidekicks, the crack 5th and 23rd. So much for Marines and Doughboys.

Whether or not "these arguments will still be contested for years to come" depends on whether you look at the question through the eyes of a Corporal Sedberry or of a Sergeant White.

THE ARMY'S POETS

Although we speak without the confirmatory authority of Smith's Classical Dictionary, which is not to hand (you can't have all the comforts of home even during an armistice), we believe, none the less, that we are spelling the name correctly when we say that it was Tyrtaeus who, ousted from Athens because he was a poet and, therefore, presumably poor soldier stuff, forthwith journeyed to Sparta, composed a new set of battle anthems for the war-loving folk who adopted him, and sent them singing into victory against the people who had exiled him.

The Tyrtaeuses of our day are legion. But their influence — witness Rupert Brooke, Francis Ledwidge, Alan Seeger —is as potent, as direct, as definite as was that of their forerunner. And we of America, though this is not the place to discuss whether or not America has produced a warrior poet in her own armies, like to think that the inspiration of song, our own song, has had its share in our share of the victory.

All of which is only a modest way of calling attention to the Army's Poets, who conduct their column forum this week, as usual, in the same place and at the same length. They need no apologists. We of the paper know only this: that no part of the paper is read more religiously, studied more sedulously, clipped more consistently.

It has surprised us. We did not expect that O.D. poems would come in at the rate of 70 a day, with no further hope of reward for the writers than the appearance of their brain-children in print. We did not guess that that part of the Army which does not write poetry (we are convinced that it is a minority) reads it to a man.

All of which goes to show that when you go to war you learn about a lot of things besides fighting.

GERMANY'S SHORTAGE

History may decide that, all things considered, Germanys' fatal shortage was neither in white flour nor in copper nor in rubber. It was in humor.

The Allies could never escape the feeling that, in addition to being terrible, Germany was also rather ridiculous. It was a certain disconcerting Englishman who pointed out to Germany at the start that, even in her invasion of little Belgium, the spectacle she presented of a huge, whip-cracking bully striding into a room and stumbling over a doormat had in it a disastrous element of the comic. But then, Germany celebrating the fall of Verdun, Germany pounding nails into her wooden Hindenburg, Germany glowing with pride over her non-combatant fleet, was always a little absurd.

And the Kaiser! The Kaiser all dressed up like a Christmas tree ready for the triumphant entry into the Nancy that never fell, the shining War Lord scuttling out of his realm as soon as his troops were in trouble. Wilhelm, in any country with a sense of humor, would never have been able to play his rôle out to its ghastly conclusion. He would have been laughed off the stage in the prologue.

And this same lack in these laughless people led them to misread as a symptom of weakness what was really a sign and a source of strength—the puzzling laughter that floated to them across the waste of No Man's Land. They were bewildered by the British. They could never understand the humor of a people who could catch at the Kaiser's sneer and make a fond and jubilant war cry out of "The Old Contemptibles," who could ruin the "Hymn of Hate" for the Germans by learning it themselves and singing it in the trenches with particular relish for the refrain: "We hate England." And the French, whose gayety had misled the Germans into thinking them negligible and frivolous, proved to be quite a serious people on the hills before Verdun. Then it began to appear that the American regarded himself fully equipped so long as he could go into battle armed with a toothbrush and a grin; and it is probably true that his army laughed more per kilometer than any other army in the field. If the first distant sound of endless Americans on the march seemed at all ominous to Berlin, the threat must have grown when, at last, it was reported from the front that the Yank was the most baffling and most deadly of all offensive weapons—the soldier who fights with a smile.

THE OFFENSIVE

With the German army demobilizing like butter melting in the sun, with the Rhineland as tranquil an enemy country as ever a military force was called upon to occupy, with every one furiously arguing as to just whose blow and whose battle really won the war anyhow, the American Army has nothing to stand guard over these days except its own reputation. Whoever, within its own ranks, does anything to injure that reputation is the only enemy in sight at present.

Such an enemy is the corporal—or, for that matter, the colonel—who, after planting himself in a conspicuous spot, fills himself up with liquor till he slops over. Far be it from us to oppose the right of every freeborn American citizen to make an ass of himself in public, but we do not have to be M.P.'s to object to his making an ass of the A.E.F.

That tiny fraction of officers and men are really traitors in their small but nauseating way. For them there ought to be something particularly painful in the way of *punishment*—as the *Mikado* used to say, "something with boiling oil in it." They make us sick.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS

The winter of our discontent is at hand, and the Shakespearian scholars in the A.E.F.—there ought to be dozens of them —might paraphrase further and say that only the sun of New York can make it glorious summer.

For the young 'uns of the Army, the stripeless and the single stripers, it is the first French winter, at least the first they have enjoyed (laughter) in France in olive drab. For the most seasoned of veterans it is only the second. And the seasoned veterans can tell the less veteranish that you need a whole lot more than two to get used to them.

It would undoubtedly have been a more comfortable war, followed by a more readily endurable armistice, if it could have been held in a clime where the Q.M. would not have had to issue socks, heavy, woolen, and other accoutrements of the season. Such not being the case, the A.E.F.—or as much of it as can get neither to Germany nor home—rises to the height of its injured dignity and asseverates that, discipline or no discipline, it positively will not salute Generals January and February. It will do well, however, to respect them to the extent of keeping its feet dry.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

It seems, after all, that we can't have it. As announced last week, there aren't enough of the grand old lids to go around. What few there are left the Q.M. declines to hand out, for the simple reason that he doesn't want to play favorites—although any of us would be willing to give him two out of three on a chance of shaking the overseas cap.

But the Q.M., as might be expected, is no gambler, so he won't let us flip for the ones that are left. The only thing we can do is to sleep on our overseases until we flatten them out into some kind of shape, and wear them as far down over our left ears as the law will allow—jauntily, as if to toss them off with an air.

Anyway—and here's where the sour grapes come in—the old campaign hat will never rate up the same now that we have found out that rabbit hair is its main ingredient. It would be hardly decorous for one of the most belligerent bodies of men to go about topped with the fleecy covering of the pacifists' mascot.

THE TREMENDOUS FACT

There is virtue in the old barroom classic, "Don't swear here; it sounds like hell."

A recent visitor to the American Army, a man of years and judgment, was asked, before first impressions had had time to wear off, what he thought of the American soldiers.

"Well," he said, "they've certainly got the hammer out."

It would be a bad symptom if 90 per cent of the members of every division in the American Army didn't believe that his particular division was the best division in the American Army—and didn't say so upon occasion. But if discretion and temperance are not shown in the saying, it is in danger of sounding like boastfulness, or, worst still, like knocking, as the visitor thought it was. And it is likely to sound like what the sign on the wall said about swearing.

It would do no harm for every one, unit enthusiast or otherwise, to keep in mind one tremendous fact:

Every member of the A.E.F. (with such a small number of exceptions that they are insignificant) did everything that was asked of him—or died or was wounded trying; and man can do no more.

The Army's Poets

"NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER"

Did you ever hike millions of miles,
And carry a ton on your back,
And blister your heels and your shoulders, too,
Where the straps run down from your pack,
In the rain or the snow or the mud, perhaps,
In the smothering heat or the cold?
If you have why then you're a buddy of ours,
And we welcome you into our fold.

Did you ever eat with your plate in your lap,
With you cup on the ground at your side,
While cooties and bugs of species untold,
Danced fox-trots over your hide?
Did you ever sleep in a tent so small
That your head and your feet played tag?
Then shake, old man, you're a pal of ours,
For you've followed the same old flag.

Did you ever stand in a front line trench,
With Fritzie a few feet away,
With Jerries and Minnies a-whistling around,
And gas coming over all day?
With No Man's Land a sea of steel
And a tempest of bursting shell?
Then, come in, old man, and toast your shins,
For we're all just back from hell.

J. K. M.

SHIPS

A ship there sailed—my dreams return
To the days of yesteryear,
To the night of bliss—the parting kiss,
The ship that brought me here!

A ship will sail—my visions turn
Once more to the bounding foam,
To love's sweet charms, the waiting arms,
To the ship that brings me home!

Arthur Morris, A.E.F.

THE THIRD ARMY RESPONDS

To those who turn our way
Across the distant route—
To those who count each day
Unheeding Time doles out—
To those who watch and wait
Beyond the sea-girt span—
Whose dreams still hold the Western Gate—
Gentlemen—Our Clan!

To that which overhead
Now flutters at the Rhine—
Whose ripping rolls of red
Still shield the Staff and Line—
Whose glory is no wraith
From lowland up to crag—
Heart-emblem of our final faith—
Gentlemen—The Flag!

To those who may not take
The great ship, homeward bound—
To those in Honor's wake
Who hold the silent mound—
Who, by the cross-marked sword,
Stained hills and valleys red—
Who stay to keep eternal guard—
Gentlemen—Our Dead!

Grantland Rice, Third Army, U.S.

FROM FORCE OF HABIT

Don't think it qualnt in after years
If on a bill that's in arrears,
A former vet of our fighting force
Should absent-mind-dly indorse:
"4th Ind: Forwarded for the necessary action."

If yours should be the lowly chore
Of clerk in some department store,
Don't be surprised if a former dough
Should phrase his wants in manner so:
"1 pair of drawers, summer, and 1 cravat, issue."

If you should be in Hackensack
And check your hat—to buy it back,
The bandit of the gay cafe
Is just as apt as not to say:
"Does the Captain wish his hat?"

And when you move in later years
And trust your goods with many fears
Of safe escort to a moving crew,
The boss will likely say to you:
"I'll send the detail right up."

John Pierre Roche, Lt., Q.M.C.

"NOW I LAY ME"

"Now I lay me down to sleep"
In yonder star I seem to see
Myself a little child again
With lisping lips, at Mother's knee.

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"
As then I prayed, long years ago,
While Mother's hands were clasping mine
Her head, in reverence, bended low.

"If I should die before I wake,"
And leave this world of blight and pain,
Beyond the range of bursting shell—
Beyond the sight of comrades slain—

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;"
That 'mid Thy Hosts I may remain,
Until my Mother comes to me,
And clasps my hands in hers again.

John P. Biggs, Pvt., Co. M, 357th Inf.

IN OUR MESS HALL

There's a cracker boid from Georgia and he's strong for Robert Lee,
A sport or two from dear old Herald Square;
Beside a Jersey skeeter sits a husk from Tennessee,
Who lanks with Bobby Jones from Delaware.
A Texas ranger loans his knife to Kane from Erin's Isle,
A kid from Carolina cuts the bread;
A limey from Australia is the first to crack a smile,
When bald-head Pete from Naples shows his head.

A tango-kid from Rector's and a Hoosier chop the wood,
A chap from Pennsylvania serves the beans;
A two-gun man from Tucson says the "chow is roarin' good,"
And so does Jazz Band Joe from New Orleans.
The skipper hails from Oregon—out where the roses grow
And where the birds are singing all the time—
In fact you'll find it just the same, no matter where you go,
From Maine 'way down to Dixie's sunny clime.

Howard A. Herty, Sgt. Maj., Inf.

TO FRANCE VICTORIOUS

Throw down the gleaming bayonet, O France!
You who have led so nobly and so long,
Silence the trumpet with the victor's song.
Down through the festive market places dance,
Where Natalie again with sacred glance
Welcomes her Jacques returned, where all along
The lighted streets smiles once again belong,
And all is sure where yesterday was chance.

Lead on from out this gayety and light
To fields where silence broods and new swords rust
Among black, shattered villages, still red
With unforgotten blood. Lead where the night
Grows holy with the brave! Yours, France, the trust,
O Guardian of the great heroic dead.

John Farrar, Air Service, U.S.A.

TO MY WIFE

Why ask me if I think of thee
When not a moment flies
But thou art in my memory,
Thine image 'fore mine eyes,
The sun ne'er gains the distant West,
Nor gilds the foaming sea,
The lark at morn ne'er leaves her nest,
But I think, I think of thee.

The rose, the lily, everything
Doth bring thee to my mind,
Even the little birds that sing
Their carols of the wind,
There's not a pleasing sound I hear
Nor lovely thing I see,
But wakes some thought of thee, my dear—
I think, I think of thee.

Wm. S. Corurn, Capt., 64th Inf.

BACK TO THE LINE

Trampin' along through the darkness,
Splashin' my way through the rain,
With a chain' pack slung on my back,
Bound for the trenches again.

Flashes of light in the distance,
Splotches o' red on the sky,
The sound of a shell creatin' hell
In a convoy creepin' by.

Our line moves on like a shadow
Pushin' its way through the wreck,
Each man in his place, rain in his face
And streamin' cold down his neck.

Silent and grave, movin' forward,
Each havin' thoughts all his own,
As we tramp the path o' the War Lord's wrath
Where the fires o' hell are blown.

Dreamin' o' home an' the old folks,
An' the fields o' yellow grain,
An' the old rock spring, an' everything—
Bound for the trenches again.

Sgt. Fair.

WAITING

The Hardest Fight of the War

WHEN SICK CALL BLOWS

Shorty filled his lungs with foggy air, coughed a little—for he had once been gassed—made another try, and lifted his bugle. Sick call, that most meditative and philosophical of summonses—broke forth, announcing that the doctor was waiting.

The first squad rounded into the building.

"Where's the sick book?" This from the doctor, who wore the bars of a first lieutenant.

"Left it here yesterday, sir," said the Company I sergeant.

The doctor pawed through some papers, while his corporal and the Company I sergeant exchanged muffled words.

"I sent it back yesterday," announced the corporal. "You fellows are always losing it."

"Hell you did," said the sergeant, still in an undertone, "it's around this shack. What's the good of it, anyway?"

"Important record. But nobody could dope out that Company I book, the way you fellows keep it."

The doctor located the book. The sergeant from Company I grinned and the medical department corporal lighted a fresh cigarette, while the sergeant copied the names of his sick and marked them all under the "In line of duty entry." "Yes."

"First man!" called the doctor.

"Hornfield, James R.," read the corporal.

"What's your trouble?" asked the doctor.

Hornfield, James R., preferred to explain by actions. If you don't show an Army doctor, he thinks you are stalling. So he dropped his breeches to the floor and rolled his shirt up under his arms.

"Boils. Look at 'em. Gotta have the big one opened, I think." He looked up honestly into the doctor's countenance—and was immediately frozen with embarrassment. The doctor was in the act of tipping his hat, his gaze turned over Hornfield, James R.'s shoulder, and a polite smile wreathed his face.

Hornfield, James R.'s shirt went down and his breeches up with the speed of an escaped window blind in an old maid's bathroom.

A burst of laughter from the bunch around him told him that there was no lady present. He had been hoaxed. The doctor snorted.

"Aw, have a heart," begged Hornfield, James R.

He was furnished a chair and his boil treated, but not before he had supervised the process by explicit directions to a private first-class of the medical department.

"Humes, William!" called the corporal.

Humes, William, had quite an alarming set of symptoms. It was like an almanac describing pale pains for pinkish people, and included colic, gall stones, shell shock, eye strain, the acute pain of appendicitis (on the left side), an ingrowing nail on the great toe, a bad cold, and a desire to be re-classified.

"Castor oil," ordered the doctor, and the waiting corporal dipped heavily in purplish ink and wrote "Duty" in bold script. The party of the alarming symptoms took his dose manfully, and walked away with firm tread.

"Johnson, Hugo V.!"

"Sick?" questioned the doctor.

"No, sir. I'm only after a coupla CC's, that's all."

"Honest man," quoth the medico. "Give him two for his very own, and six more for any friends he may have."

"Can't pronounce the next name," said the corporal. "I've been treating his itch; it's that 'French itch.'"

"Let's see," said the doctor. "Whaddymean 'French itch'?"

"Well, I think they get it because they can't boil their laundry—you know what I mean; several of 'em have it."

The unpronounceably named one lifted his chemise of uncouth wool and awaited judgment, scratching a meditative scratch over the itchiest spot. Numerous inspections by medicos during his service, by these men who never took your word for anything, left him interested, but unmoved.

"Let's try five per cent sulphur ointment," suggested the doctor. "If you use it stronger you may get a sulphur dermatitis and keep on scratching the dermatitis."

The chemise dropped, was tucked in, and the unpronounceably named one departed with a fresh can of ointment.

Several had colds. There was a case of a burn, with infection, and a couple of bunkies who had rigged things up in order to make a try for quarters from the doctor. One of them really got quarters.

The doctor signed the books and several reports his top brought over to him. He sat, yawning, on the edge of a table. The telephone bell rang and he answered the call.

"Yes. . . ., Glad to know you're here, sir. . . . Very muddy, yes. Let me send over the ambulance. . . . Yes, sir. Inspections don't worry us, as a rule, but I've been going it alone since Jones left. . . . Yes. Right over, with the car."

He hung up the receiver and got his feet on the floor. Orders were unnecessary. Even the top was already sweeping the floor. And the corporal was hurrying outside, carrying a pail of soiled dressings, while two other men re-arranged bottles and bandages in even array, while the orderly began to police up around the stove.

"Don't overlook anything," said the doctor to the top.

"We'll be ready," replied the top, and he spat on his hands and took fresh hold of the lop-sided broom.

Sick call was over.

USSUS.

LOOK WHO'S HERE

Hole-In-the-Ground, France, Dec. 26, 1918.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Have not received reply to my letter of recent date, and to add insult to injury, your paper was put before me dated December 20 wherein the poor hard-worked, under-paid, ill-used top comes in for such treatment at the hands of your cartoonist that would warrant a court-martial for lese majesté.

Why do you not expose the thousand and one advantages you buck privates take of the unsophisticated high muck-a-muck, the number of shivering moments you keep him waiting until you are good and ready these dark mornings to fall in, the details you duck, the pitiful yarns you try to stuff down his throat about being sick, wanting passes, etc., etc., and then give him the grand ha, ha! But just because he shows a real honest and generous consideration for you and desires to relieve the already overburdened pack of more weight and to keep your delicate tummies from getting pains by eating too much sweets, you misinterpret his good intentions and put him to ridicule before all the Kettle Polishers.

This is a most severe breach of military discipline, and, Mr. Cartoonist, were you in my company, I would see that you were deprived of pie and ice cream every day for a month. Mind you, the cap does not fit me, because my negroes are too honest and above bribery, but I am sorry for the brother tops who are not so fortunate as I. And it is for them that I desire to chastise you.

Redeem yourself. Anything you can do towards wiping the stains off the badly besmirched reputation of the three striped diamond will be greatly appreciated by

Yours sincerely,

SAM GOLDTROPPE,
1st Sgt., Co. B, 546th Engrs.

[Attention of 1st Sgt. Goldtroppe is respectfully—that's right—invited to cartoon on Page 7.—EDITOR.]

WILL UNCLE SELL?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

There is a lot of guessing going on as to what disposition will be made after the war of the great quantity of tools, machinery, etc., now owned by the United States Government. Among these vast stores of equipment there are untold quantities of tools of every description, used by every trade, craft and profession known to man.

Many of us will have to buy a whole new kit or chest of tools when we go back home, and those who do not need a complete kit or chest will be glad to add to their present layout, and at the present high cost of tools quite a hole will be knocked in the savings of most of us and completely wipe out others, while some who for various reasons (allotments or cognac) haven't anything saved will have to do as best they can.

It has occurred to me that it would be quite a worthy scheme for our Government to give the A.E.F. an opportunity to purchase such tools as their occupations require at cost, to be shipped back to the States by the purchaser. Of course, if we were allowed to buy these tools care should be taken that no dealer be allowed to step in and take the lot, thus depriving us of our chance.

TONY VARDANEGA, Sgt., 466th Aero Squadron.

WHERE THERE IS REST

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I submit the following as a really original A.E.F. joke:

Homesick Corporal (surveying pensively vast construction project upon which he has been engaged for 11 months): When I get back to the States I'm going somewhere and settle down where there has been nothing built new for 25 years.

Homesick Sergeant (absently): Come to my home town.

A. G. GARNER, Sgt., Co. A, 509th Engrs.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

This letter aims to express a thought which has been in mind for several months, gradually growing until now the conclusion of the fighting makes it fitting that it be written and published.

As an officer of the National Army I wish to express my very high appreciation of and admiration for the men who served in that class. It is not simply the battles which they won; it is the splendid spirit of eager co-operation with which they responded to instruction that made my work and that of my fellow officers a pleasure and an inspiration. It is this that I admire; it is for this that I am more than grateful.

It was not a pleasant task that confronted us when we received our commission on the 15th of August, 1917. It was to be our task to make an army from the bottom up. The men whom we were to receive (the first 500,000) were to be not merely completely ignorant of all military training, but—we were told—they would be unwillingly inducted into the service, uninterested in the war, and often sullen and insubordinate. The work of the initial organization would be further complicated by the difficulty of imparting discipline to the new recruits and maintaining it in the newly formed regiments. Few of us believed that the average American would take kindly to the disciplinary system which is the backbone of an army. All of us were surprised at the ready acceptance of that system by the drafted men.

And there was a spontaneous courtesy, withal, on the part of the men, that made the work of the officers a genuine pleasure instead of a burden. And there was nothing sectional about this spirit. Although our outfit was originally composed of Southerners, it was soon completely changed until it contained men from nearly every part of the country. But, whether the men came from Alabama, or Maine, from New York or Texas, they were all uniformly courteous and eager to learn. An instance of deliberate insubordination or disobedience was extremely rare. When it occurred the offender was as promptly disowned by his fellow soldiers as he was rebuked and when necessary punished by his officers.

I count it a high privilege to have served both in training camp and in the field as an officer over the drafted man. I believe that my fellow officers without exception would join me in extending to him the most grateful congratulations.

DU BOSE MURPHY,
Capt., 321st F.A.

CAMP LIFE

To the Editor of the STARS AND STRIPES—

The subject of weather is worn threadbare, but there is a little story you may have heard which exactly illustrates our experiences at the present time. One of our soldiers was plowing along on the main road last week when he saw a short pole sticking out of the mud. Upon investigation he found it was a rifle, and digging down reached a Cavalryman, who remarked shortly but pointedly that the mud was rather annoying. He asked that his horse, under him, be excavated, and it was then seen that the horse was standing on a load of hay cheerfully muncing away.

Life in our camp is a constant round of pleasure and luxurious ease. In the morning one rises before the sun, quickly slips on wet boots and swims out to reveille. Then we break the ice in the water pail and perform the sacred rite known as "the morning wash." After that, a dainty breakfast of quarter-inch bacon and burned oatmeal, sans sugar, washed down by a lubricating fluid falsely named coffee. We have a suspicion it is the salvaged oil from motor truck transmissions. The fare is sometimes varied by the substitution of thick disks of a strange rubber compound mixed with tinfoil. These are called "flapjacks" because they flap only after being swallowed.

The men then gaily prance out to work, singing happily all morning and praising their officers in various ways and odd phrases. After luncheon has been served and the silver and linen put away again, another dashing bout with the pick and shovel helps to keep dull care away until 5 p. m., when all return, and dress for dinner.

Motoring is popular. Henry Ford's original three cars are proudly cherished here, and wheezily stagger to town and back when necessary. Sometimes a wheel comes off, and then we pick ourselves from the road and laud the driver for not killing us. It's a gay life, and we will never forget it after the war. When we return to porcelain bathtubs, subway expresses and clothes that fit, it will be with a spirit of regret and fond memories of A.P.O. 741 with its gallant troops.

SERGEANT JACK, 501st Engrs.